The Liberalist

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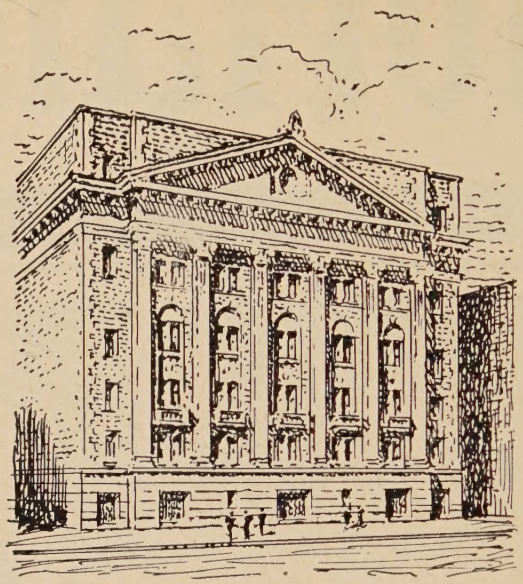
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Song Without Words

ERNEST DOWSON

In the deep violet air,
Not a leaf is stirred;
There is no sound heard,
But afar, the rare
Trilled voice of a bird.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

I AM writing this on February 11th, the day before Lincoln's birthday. As I look over the record of the past month since our last number, I am deeply impressed with how busy I have been. Since the first of the year I have been busier than at any other time I can recall.

I am going to Grand Rapids, Michigan, tomorrow to give an address on the evening of Lincoln's birthday, and then I go to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to preach the installation sermon for the Rev. John Fordon, and from there to Connersville, Indiana, where I speak Saturday morning for the Eastern Indiana Teacher's Conference.

I enjoy these lecture trips out of Chicago for they always give me an opportunity to meet many radio friends. People I have never known frequently come up to me and greet me like an old friend. Because of the radio they have become acquainted with me and my work, but I have had no way of knowing them.

Another thing which always surprises me is that every week I receive letters from someone who says they are hearing the broadcast for the first time. This is our 29th year of continuous broadcasting and yet every week someone writes and says "I have heard you for the first time." Obviously there is no point of saturation in radio. There is always someone listening for the first time. Our radio mail, as you will notice from reading the Mail Bag, has been unusually interesting, inspiring and significant to me.

* * *

The weather during the winter has been so unusual that many people have been able to drive to the services and attend who otherwise could not have done so under inclement weather conditions. I have spent 41 winters in Chicago and I never remember one quite like this. In spite of the uniquely agreeable weather there has been an unusual amount of illness.

Every Sunday after church I get a list of our people who are ill and I make an effort to see every person on that list before the next Sunday. I don't remember ever having made more sick calls than I have made this winter. When I am in Chicago I usually visit three or four hospitals in an afternoon and also see the ill who are at home. I consider this one of the most important aspects of my ministry and any pastor who neglects visiting the ill is missing one of his most important activities. I have made it a rule in my ministry from the beginning to see every sick person who desires a visit and also to accept every request for a funeral service. I never permit other engagements, unless they have been previously set and cannot be changed, to interfere with a funeral, and it never matters to me whether the people are rich or poor, or what their social status may be. One afternoon last week I had the funeral of a poor old man who died amidst poverty and had outlived most of his friends. There were seven people at the humble service, but I tried to speak words of comfort and inspiration to his aging and heartbroken wife, who had done her best through the years. From there I went directly to a funeral of a woman which was held in a palatial home. The home was filled with many friends and this woman had left a fortune of nearly $300,000. In some respects I

felt that the poor old man with nothing but a handful of friends needed me the most.

* * *

It will be the Lenten Season when you read these words. Whatever one's religious loyalty I have always felt the Lenten Season is an opportunity for each of us to deepen our spiritual roots. The historic liturgical churches make much of the season and I have always felt that the free and liberal churches do not emphasize enough the importance of it and its influence upon people.

I am not thinking simply in terms of going without something we enjoy during Lent, or giving up meat and gorging on fish, or any of the objective practices of Lent, but I am thinking of it as a great time for the analysis of our own spiritual selves. Sacrifice and denial are important. They create character. They ought not to be underestimated. But the larger significance of the Lenten Season is the fact that for forty days we can concentrate daily upon the spiritual values and the eternal qualities of life, and by doing so our lives all the rest of the year will be better and more triumphant.

I am planning what I hope will be a very inspiring series of services for the entire Lenten Season. Each Sunday morning in March I am going to speak on a theme which is vital and personal toward living life adequately. Beginning on March 30th, Holy Week, I shall speak every noon at the Erlanger Theatre in Chicago's loop, and every night in the church, and there will be three beautiful services on Easter Sunday, April 5th.

I hope each of the more than 3,000 members of our church will plan to attend as many of these services as possible. The complete list of subjects for the entire Lenten Season, including the book reviews, you will find in another part of this issue. It is my ardent hope that it will be one of the most beautiful Lenten Seasons in the history of our church. Will you help to make it so?

* * *

After services a few Sundays ago a woman came up to me and said: "I have been ill for four weeks and you never came to see me." I looked at her and said: "How did your Doctor know you were ill?" "Why," she said, "I phoned him—I called him." I replied, "Of course. That's the reason he knew you were ill, but you never phoned me. Did you expect that I would know of your illness without being called?" She saw immediately the fairness of my response. This happens quite frequently. A message to our church office will always reach me; and if you would like me to see you in illness or trouble I will always be available.

* * *

I often wonder if any minister speaks to a wider variety of audiences, with a greater diversity of interests, than it is my privilege to do. During the month I have spoken to the 59th Annual Meeting of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, a group of remarkable men from all over the United States, and I found them to be one of the most responsive audiences I have addressed in a long time. Of course I know nothing about their work from a technical point of view, but I spoke to them concerning the broader and more fundamental aspects of life and gave they my philosophy as I try to do in every address. The reception they gave me was most enheartening and it was an inspiring occasion to me.

I also gave the address on one of the Friday night book reviews which are being presented by the Lake Shore Club of Chicago. The membership of

this club is composed of leading personalities in the life of our city and the audience was a very stimulating one.

The next evening I spoke to an open meeting of the North Shore District of Alcoholics Anonymous, where several hundred people had gathered. The more I know of Alcoholics Anonymous the more I am convinced it is one of the most important organizations in this country. I know intimately many people who have been members of it for a long time and whose lives have been completely changed because of the principles of Alcoholics Anonymous. One of the finest Sunday evenings we have had during the winter in the church was the evening that Mr. Elgar Brown, the well-known journalist and member of the editorial staff of the Chicago Herald and American spoke on the work of Alcoholics Anonymous. It is rare for A. A. to invite a non-member to address a meeting, but inasmuch as the North Shore District was holding a public meeting, they invited me to give the address.

I shall never forget the evening. All who participated in the meeting, except myself, were members. The chairman opened the meeting by saying "We will have now our period of silence." There were two addresses made by two young women who had the most dramatic stories to which I have ever listened. I wish every young woman in the United States could have heard what they had to say. One of them has been a member for three years and recently united with our church. The other is the wife of one of the best-known restaurant owners in Chicago and has been a member now for some time.

After they spoke I was introduced and at the conclusion of my address the meeting was dismissed by all standing and repeating the Lord's prayer. Never have I been in any meeting in any church or anywhere else where the atmosphere was more impregnated with spiritual power than in this meeting.

* * *

To show the diversity of my work I was invited for the 5th time to address the Old Timers' Baseball Association of Chicago at their 35th Annual Reunion and Dinner. It was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton, with more than 1700 men in attendance. The audience represented every status of Chicago's life. Millionaires, industrialists, bankers, sat at the same table with truck drivers and laborers, and no distinction was made. The common love of baseball had brought them together; all of it under the leadership and inspiration of the President, William C. (Billy) Niesen, now over 80, and interested in baseball from the days of the old Gunther Park and the Chicago White Stockings.

The Old Timers Baseball Organization was formed in 1919 and the first banquet was held at the Great Northern Hotel on December 9, 1919. This banquet was the celebration of the Golden (50th) Anniversary of the assembling of the first professional baseball club in Chicago, which was the Chicago White Stockings, organized in 1869, by Thomas Foley.

Membership in the association includes officials and members of both the National and American Leagues, old time baseball players of both big league and semi-pro ranks, and National and American League players, umpires and fans of the Chicago area.

The primary purpose of the organization is to help surround baseball with such safeguards as to warrant absolute public confidence in the integrity and methods of operation of the game. The organization further endeavors to encourage, foster and help

to perpetuate baseball, and to minister to the needs of those on whom fate has imposed misfortune.

I have always loved baseball and played it in my own boyhood days with our school team on the school lot back of our school house in the little village in which I was born. At a baseball game a complete panorama of American life is always revealed. Bishops, bosses, bankers, clergymen, laborers and professional people in all areas of life are stimulated and enthused by the great sport. It has had a wholesome effect upon our American life. It is the avenue of escape for thousands of boys born into a dreary environment of poverty; and on the sand lots and baseball diamonds of America can be seen the living, vital evidence that the democratic ideals can be made to work.

John P. Carmichael, the able sports editor of the Chicago Daily News, acted as Master of Ceremonies. My friend, the Rev. E. V. Cardinal, C.S.V., pastor of Saint Ita's Roman Catholic Church and Director of the Shiel School of Social Studies, gave the invocation. There were two honored guests who were presented. Mr. Clarence Rowland, former Manager of the Chicago White Sox, and Manager at the time they became the World's Champions of the American League in the season of 1917. He is the only living Manager who won a World's Championship for Chicago in the past 50 years.

The other guest of honor was James R. Hughes, former member of the United States Marine Corps and now pitcher of the Brooklyn Dodgers of the National League. His citation was presented by Colonel J. P. Sayers, U.S.M.C., director of the 9th Marine Corps Reserve District.

I spoke immediately after Jimmy Hughes was presented with his Commendation Ribbon, and I looked up in the gallery and saw his mother, his wife and sister. I knew how proud they must be of Jimmy. His mother is the mother of 15 children. His father I know well. Jimmy is an honor to his parents, to his country, and the great game of baseball, and this summer we will all be interested in the work which he will do with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

* * *

It is my earnest prayer that you will have a Lenten Season of strengthening power.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Invites You to Share the Lenten Season With Us

Sunday Mornings During March—11 a.m.

Dr. Preston Bradley's Subjects

March 1—"A Faith to Meet the Daily Grind"
March 8—"A Faith to Overcome Pessimism"
March 15—"A Faith to Overcome Fear"
March 22—"A Faith to Overcome Loneliness"
March 29—"A Faith to Meet Death"

BOOK LECTURES—March to Easter

March 4—"Man's Search for Himself".....Rollo May
March 11—"Sea of Glory".....Francis Beauchesne Thornton
March 18—"The Sign of Jonas".....Thomas Merton
March 25—"A Reporter in Search of God".....Howard Whitman
April 1—"The Book of Books"

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan

Hear

Dr. Preston Bradley in Vital Subjects

PALM SUNDAY — MARCH 29

11:00 a.m.—"Victorious Defeats"
7:00 p.m.—"History's Greatest Radical"

HOLY WEEK — MARCH 30 to APRIL 3

Loop Services, Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark St.
Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40

THEME: *"A Faith For Today"*
Monday—"The Meaning of Faith"
Tuesday—"Have You Lost Your Faith?"
Wednesday—"The Many Uses of Faith"
Thursday—"Faith in Your Friends"
Friday—"Faith in a Cross"

Church Services, Peoples Church, Lawrence at Sheridan
Every Night—8:00 o'clock

THEME: *"Jesus in the Life of Today"*
Monday—"If Jesus Were Preaching Today"
Tuesday—"If Jesus Were Teaching Today"
Wednesday—"If Jesus Were Working Today"
Thursday—"If Jesus Were Hungry Today"
Friday—"If Jesus Were Crucified Today"

Sunday Morning Services Broadcast—WJJD 11 to 12:30

EASTER SUNDAY — APRIL 5

Three Great Services

9:00 a.m.—"In the Morning"
New Members to be Received
Christening Service for Children
11:00 a.m.—"Victory"
7:00 p.m.—"My Belief in Immortality Grows Stronger"
Closing Sunday Evening Service for the Season

"THE ART OF FORGETTING"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, January 25, 1953

YOU are familiar, I'm sure, with that page ad that we frequently see in some of our better weekly magazines, such as THE BOOK TIMES of THE NEW YORK TIMES. The advertisement begins: "How to remember!" and it's a course of training in mind culture. There are several points given in these ads about: "How to remember!" But I don't recall very much literature ever having been written about: "How to forget!" Hardly anyone has very much trouble in that sphere—how to forget! If I were to ask some of the youngsters in our church school who are of grammar or high school age, about the subject of forgetting they would say, "Well, that doesn't require any effort at all! It's so easy to forget. You should watch me trying to work an arithmetic examination!" It's pretty easy to forget some things; it's harder to forget other things. The word "remember" has myriads of cross references in your Bible concordance. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"; "remember, Lord, when thou comest"; "remember me"; "remember to do this in remembrance of me." The Bible is just full of references to "remembering." But there isn't very much there about "forgetting." But there are, I think, some attitudes in regard to forgetting that most of us forget, and because we forget them, our lives do not possess the environment and the deepening and strengthening factor which has so much to do with maintaining a constancy and a stability of life.

Is there something we can do about forgetting the things that ought to be forgotten? And how can we appraise some of the things that never ought to be remembered? I have two or three of them in mind this morning, and we're going to toy around with them for a little while, hoping that somewhere in the journey we can find a nugget—something that will stand out with penetration and with power in your life and in mine—remembering, in the art of forgetting, that we must first make a decision as to that which we want to forget because of its influence over our own lives. Is it important that we discard it or that we retain it? That is primary! We must analyze its values.

One of the first things that I think is interfering with the happiness and the spiritual and intellectual well-being of people is their remembering the mean, contemptible things that have been done to them. Now I'm bringing it down into the areas of personal problems; I'm not thinking in terms of social significance at the moment, but I'm thinking in terms of personal problems. We should forget, just as speedily and quickly as we can, the mean, contemptible things that have been done to us. Most people foster their hurts and in this way give them vitality and reality! An unkind word is spoken about us, and that conjures up within our minds an inevitable resentment, and resentment never diminishes without effort. Resentment always has the faculty of increasing its power so when a person remembers and gives vitality and reality to the things that have been done against him, his resentment increases until it

destroys him. In maintaining resentment, instead of diminishing our individual problems it always increases them. So the more resentment a person has, the deeper trouble they invariably get into; and the more they foster and encourage and acquire a sensitivity about what has been done to them, the deeper involved they become, because resentment is poison. It is poison to the mind and heart; it is poison to the soul, and the people who hold grudges, and who foster resentments, are always disintegrated people. Now the best and finest thing such people can do is to practice the art of forgetting, in order that they may recreate for themselves a constructive, affirmative environment. Then their problems and troubles will pass away —they'll fade out of life.

I don't know why it is so impossible to get that truth to people! And I know it is a truth because I have had to demonstrate it in my own life—I have had to practice this very thing. No one stands for anything in this world, or takes a definite position about anything, but what he immediately opens up vulnerability to all sorts of attacks and criticism. And if you give constant attention to those attacks and to those criticisms you invariably develop the poison of resentment; and then that poison of resentment begins to work and percolate through your own personality and through your own life, and the first thing you know, instead of getting out of your trouble, you're getting into deeper trouble. Instead of issues clearing up for you, they're becoming more confused, and the pattern becomes more complicated, and it all increases, until it becomes just a mass of interlaced and interwoven reactions and reactions and reactions—and always at the end, disaster and tragedy! Now, if we could only learn in this one area how to forget the things that hurt us; how to forget the things that disturb us; how to forget the injuries we've had. There isn't a person in the congregation this morning who hasn't been a victim of this kind of attack; there isn't one of us who hasn't suffered the injustice of wrong accusation; there isn't one of us who has ever escaped criticism. The person about whom there is no criticism is the person who has never done anything! If you never want criticism just don't do anything or acquire any distinction in life, or make anything out of your life. And don't have any ideas about anything. Just become a nice, pliable, soft, manipulative piece of putty, and then, of course, you'll be alright. Nobody will ever say anything about you; nobody will ever criticize you; nobody will ever attack you—you'll be just a piece of putty, and you'll be alright. But who wants to be a piece of putty? Nobody wants to be a piece of putty—people want to live active, creative, constructive lives! Well the minute you do, you're going to get into trouble! Somebody's going to criticize you; somebody's going to find fault with you.

Well now, obviously, what's the thing to do? To give vitality to their resentments? To remember their criticisms, so that the remembrance will create this restoration of resentment? Remembrance and resentment go together, you see, and if we keep remembering these things our resentment is going to increase; and just as long as our resentment increases, our own fire and vitality is going to be impaired; and just the moment we feel that every person's hand is against us, that nobody loves us, that nobody appreciates us, and we keep remembering and remembering—that sort of a background to our lives will ruin us. It will take you out of life, and it

will create ineffectiveness for you; it will destroy your personality; it will be so powerful in its capacity to diminish effective living that you will increase your blame of everybody else while you witness your own elimination and your own destruction. Now that is disastrous—and there isn't any necessity for it at all, if we would just learn the art of forgetting!

Every time we remember an unpleasant thing, we recreate that unpleasant thing's power. Every time we permit a remembrance of an unpleasant personality, an ungrateful personality, a constantly continuing critical personality; every time we remember the influence of that personality, we are creating the environment for our own ineffectiveness. So what do you have to do? You just simply have to rise above it and raise yourself out into an area where you are impervious and where your personality refuses to be touched by anything that has been said about you or anything which has been done against you. And through that technique you will shine with increasing luster.

People who harbor hate are always on the road to self-destruction. That's a law of life! You can't overcome it; so do not refuse to accept this truth. I have seen it demonstrated a thousand times in my ministry—that the person who fosters and encourages the memory of the things which have been done against him decreases his own effectiveness and becomes a disintegrated personality. Learn the art of forgetting. Nothing can touch your inner personality until you open the door! Nothing can disturb the tranquility of your inner consciousness until you, of your own volition, open the door on the world and on your enemies. That's a law! You can't rescind it! Whether you like it or not is not the question. There it is—a fundamental, basic law of life! And every time you open the door and permit unpleasant extraneous influences, both of personality and deed, to enter within the precincts of your own inner, sacred life, you are at the beginning of your own self-destruction! The door then opens for myriads of ills, myriads of failures. Why, everything you touch will fail! This attitude just emanates negativism. A person either becomes predominantly negative or positive according to the influences he permits to dominate his life for each person is fundamentally a combination of the negative and positive energy of living. Sooner or later one of these will get the major balance, and as you mature you will either become more negative or you will become more positive. At the beginning, each of us is both. We have the quality and faculty of the negative; we have the quality and the faculty of the positive, at the beginning. Then, as we translate the values of the experiences of life, and decide how those experiences will influence us, we develop either the negative attitude toward life or the positive attitude. They never synchronize again! And each of us is becoming, as we mature and get older, either a negative personality or a positive personality. If we wish to become a positive personality we can speed up and assist the process by forgetting every negative aspect of life.

No author remembers his weakest and his most despicable efforts of literature—he forgets them! He's never tyrannized by his bad writings—he's glorified by his good writings! The successful painter on canvas doesn't go back to the mistakes of those early formative years, before his art received any recognition of any value whatever—they're out of his life! The truly creative spirit becomes constantly more creative, and as he becomes more creative, he becomes more affirmative so

that he becomes impregnable to all the darts and arrows of outrageous fortune. Do you know that in the final analysis no one can harm you, really, unless you permit it? Unless you give reality to their destructive attitude, you are impervious to it. That is one of the great reasons why those who are victorious in life have learned how to eliminate and deny and not give effectiveness to vicious, negative influences. And any person who can do that is a growing and evolving spirit. They are the peopde who will be surrounded by hosts of friends. They are the people who will reflect a positive attitude. The affirmative individual is always welcome. Everyone is always glad to see them, because they are affirming the dignity and the beauty of life, and are not fostering its resentments and its unkindnesses! If most of us were constantly to foster the unkind things, life wouldn't be worth living for any of us! We can, all of us, remember things that have been done to us; things that have been said about us; hurts that have wounded our souls; and if we permitted those things full influence over our lives there wouldn't be any such thing as happiness at all. No individual could ever feel the tranquility and the poise and the beauty that comes from overcoming.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a personality so spiritually integrated that that personality stands quiet, with serenity and with beauty, in the face of everything! I think that's one of the most beautiful things about Christ. If you think you've had a hard time or that people don't like you, or that you're misunderstood, or that people have done things to you, and you harbor these memories until they're gnawing at your soul, and destroying your effectiveness—and they always do—if you feel that you've had a hard time, will you look for a moment at that lonely man! Is there anyone on this earth, before or since, who ever had more contemptible, mean lies and hatred directed against him than the man of Galilee and the poet of Nazareth? Could you find, in all the history of the world, a life more cruelly treated? I don't think so! Can you see Him standing in the midst of the sovereign manifestations of the power of force and organization and conspiracy, and see Him in the tranquility of simply eliminating and forgetting them all, reach the superb climax, when, in tones of indescribable beauty He said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" Was there any resentment in the heart of Christ? Can you point out one thing that He ever said that could, by the most remote imagination, be accepted as showing hatred of anybody for what they had done to Him? There wasn't one element of hate in His whole make-up! He didn't despise anyone, and He didn't permit His resentments to gnaw at His own soul. He rose above them! And that is the art of forgetting—rising above them! And when the whole world had assaulted Him and all of His disciples had deserted Him, when only two women were left at the foot of His cross, and He was alone, hated, despised, what did He have in His heart—love! Love! Forgiveness! What do you think would happen to your life if you would go now, this very week, to someone against whom you are harboring resentment and hate, and in the spirit of Christ and of love, say to them, "Let's sit down and forget it all!" The art of forgetting! I know what it would do to your life! I know what it would do to you in twenty-four hours! It would change your whole psychology. You would soon become an affirmative personality, and not negative; and it would change your

whole outlook, your whole philosophy —everything! The spirit of love!

The next thing we should practice in the art of forgetting, and I could go on for hours, there are so many things to forget, but I do want to mention one more before I close, and that is forgetting past failures. Don't allow yourself to be tyrannized by previous failures. Wouldn't you be a much stronger and a much finer personality if you didn't give, through memory, reality to your failures? If you didn't remember how hard you tried once, and failed? If you didn't remember how hard, oh, how hard, you put body and soul and spirit—and you failed? And the memory of that failure deadens your hope that you can do better the next time. Every person who remembers a past failure has built deeper resistance to a future success! Every time you remember anything in your life at which you were a definite failure; every time you remember an experience in which you fell to the very bottom of life; every time you give reality to your failures, you pave the way for another one. And what a strengthening, creating, integrating, beautiful thing it is to tear out of your unconscious mind those memories, and not give them reality. If you remember your failures, you are preventing a future triumph. And I wish I could close at this moment by bringing to some mind or to some heart, confused in turmoil, in chaos, in difficulty, remembering a past effort and how it failed, remembering a betrayal, remembering all, the full truth that the past failures aren't going to be the controlling factors in your future! Resolve that you will begin now, and no matter how many times you have tried and failed, and tried and failed, you will forget them—they will have no power! You will push them aside, and a new birth of confidence and hope will come into your life as you face the unknown, forgetting the past, and dreaming of a brighter future! You try it this week, and let me know next Sunday how it works!

Roger Chirpe Sings at Orchestra Hall

Roger Chirpe, aged 14, a student in the Peoples Church Sunday School, who, with his mother, Mrs. Clarence Chirpe, sings in the Choir of the Peoples Church, sang a baritone solo on Sunday, February 8th, in Orchestra Hall, in honor of Scout Week. He is a student of North Park Academy.

The church, the choir and the Sunday School are all very happy over this honor which came to them through Roger. Congratulations, Roger Chirpe.

Whenever anyone has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offense cannot reach it.

—*Descartes*

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THE word "Lent" comes from the Anglo-Saxon "Lencten" and means Spring. Even people who have no church affiliation whatever, have an entirely different attitude toward this season of the year than in years past. We usually associate the whole idea of Lent with the idea of denial, of fasting and observing certain rites and ceremonies, which, although beautiful and necessary, do not represent the real significance of Lent.

The Lenten Season means the exercising of the spiritual muscles. Our nation needs a Lenten Season. All the United Nations need a Lenten Season. From the President of the United States to the humblest citizen of our nation, there is need for us all to enter with humility, with introspection, self-examination, devotion, sacrifice, into the spirit of this hour.

Selfishness and greed, intolerance and hatred of others, bickerings and fault-findings, criticisms and condemnations, all these undermine, weaken and destroy. The Lenten Season is in opposition to these ignoble attitudes.

Lent means the accumulation of spiritual energy; the increase of our sensitiveness to the needs of others; it means moments of devotion, consecration and dedication. Lent means the cleansing of the dross; the separating of the wheat and the chaff. Lent means developing sufficient strength so that any emergency, any situation, any crisis, any difficulty, any problem of life can be met triumphantly and victoriously.

Lent means devotion to the highest and best we know. Lent means staying in the presence of the superlative, the excellent, the good, the true, the beautiful. Lent means the deepening of the foundations under this nation. Lent does not belong to any group, to any sect, to any creed, to any Church. It is a principle as universal as God himself, and the practice of it means the building of those powers which will withstand every storm and tempest that shall arise anywhere in the world.

The greatest and the bravest men and women of human history have been the men and women who culti-

vated a dependence for their strength and power on the eternal. All else is shifting sand and miry clay.

In this season of the year more than any other, we need the concentration on our inner life which directs and controls the outer. Why am I here in this world? What is my aim? Am I going in the right direction? Do I know and use the resources in me? Am I just and kind to my fellow men? These are the questions to which one seeks for an answer at the Lenten Season.

BOOK CHATS

THE author of *Better Than Gold*, George Matthew Adams, has written a daily column, "Today's Talk," for more than thirty years. It has been appearing in hundreds of newspapers all over the United States and Canada. These short essays are known to millions of readers and the best of them are selected and preserved in his books, including *Better Than Gold* and his newest selection *The Great Little Things*.

Elsie Robinson, in a special tribute written for this new book says: ". . . Here is more than a book. Here are the brave spirit and smile of a man . . . What is his secret? Perhaps I know a deep part of it for I have been his friend for many years. And this I know. He has learned to live simply—one step at a time—taking all that every day holds out of new experience, never letting himself be trapped by yesterday. He has looked for beauty where others saw only meanness, he has found truth in spite of lies, faith in spite of fear and despair. And nobility in everyone . . ."

Mr. Adams was born in Michigan in 1878. Entering the newspaper business forty-five years ago, during most of that time he has been the head of the highly successful George Matthew Adams syndicate, discovering and creating scores of features which are now household favorites. He is famous because of his reputation and generosity as a book collector and has given a score of his first editions to America's outstanding libraries.

He first started to write to encourage himself and the idea worked so well he started distributing them. Through his talks, about twelve thousand of which have been sent out, Mr. Adams has done his part as an everyday messenger of helpful ideas. To him, writing is the happiest thing he has ever done. He has a twin sister who was a missionary in China for over thirty years.

These little essays are rarely more than a page long—ideal for an inspiration to start the day with. For instance, I opened the book at page 48 where the essay is entitled "The Power of Enthusiasm." I read: "Few things in this world have ever been accomplished without enthusiasm. The very essence of enthusiasm lies within the person and his objective. It's the enthusiastic salesman who brings home the most bacon, as the saying goes.

"From the life of the great French scientist Louis Pasteur I came across a statement of his about enthusiasm, speaking of it as 'the beautiful word . . . bequeathed to us by the Greeks *(en theos)*, an inward God.' It is well to remember this derivation, as it is the most expressive of the word. We

can achieve so much more if we believe that "an inward God" cheers us on!

". . . None of us would ever accomplish much that is worth while without the appreciation and enthusiasm of others to supplement our own.

"If you don't believe in yourself, and in that which you want others to believe in, you might as well do nothing, which is about the same thing as being a nobody and getting nowhere. But with enthusiasm as an asset you keep creating and re-creating self-confidence, and influencing others to house that 'inward God' of yours."

In an essay on God I read: "If I were in doubt as to the existence of God in the world . . . I would walk out into Nature and look about me—for there would be God at work. Wherever you see in Nature, mystery, miracle, beauty, form, color, drama, and wonder, there you will be viewing God . . . You can see God in the intricate formation of a single leaf, or in the perfect coloring of the tiniest and least known flower of the fields. You will hear Him in the song of every bird. And every waterfall is an anthem to His glory.

"I once wrote that you could even see God in the wag of a dog's tail, and I still believe that this is true, for wherever kindness, love, or simple trust is enacted, there you will note an expression of the living God."

Mr. Adams' essay on the pencil which he merely calls "I Am—" is quite a classic. What he writes on "Say 'Thank You'" will bless the reader all day long.

There are 301 pages to the book. It contains 199 essays, a tribute from Elsie Robinson, an author's note and an index.

I now turn to an essay on "Learn by Doing." "There are plenty of people who talk about the doing of great things, and those who read about how to do things, but the only practical way to learn anything is to go ahead and do the thing you wish to do. Then you learn. . . .

" . . . Rex Beach was once a brick salesman. One day a chap showed him a check for a story he had sent to a publication. Beach read the article and decided he could write something just as good. So he tried—and a check came back to *him*. He gave up his job and devoted his life to writing. He learned by doing."

The best way to make you want to buy and own *The Great Little Things*, by George Matthew Adams, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce would be to quote it all. However, I am sure I have nearly exceeded the allowable number of quoted words. I am sure it will give you much more than $3.50 worth of pleasure, profit and inspiration and that you will thank me for mentioning it here.

* * *

Doubleday has just published *Thunder Hill* by Elizabeth Nicholds; a very lively and vital account of how Miss Nicholds burned her advertising-agency bridges behind her, bought Thunder Hill Farm, and settled down to the often hilarious, occasionally grim, and always absorbing business of raising goats. Assisting her were the elderly twins—her mother and her aunt—Bobby, girl farm hand and Jane-of-all-trades. In addition there were four lady goats, Bernadette, Peaches, Zest and Marigold, and their handsome escort, Blackout.

Soon there was as mixed an assortment of creatures as one would find on Mount Ararat. Sheep, dogs, bees, cats, geese, pigs, chickens, guinea hens and cows proceed to bleat, bark, buzz, purr, honk, grunt, cluck, shriek and moo through the pages of this altogether delightful book.

Added to the general assortment of human beings on the farm was Ivan, former officer of the Czar, who made beef stroganoff in the kitchen while chores went undone. Then Hubbard came from the County Home for a brief stay, found farm life too exhausting and returned to the calm confines of the Home. Floyd worked between hangovers but finally landed in jail for check forging. Leon, who was stone deaf and ate like three horses, left without explanation in the middle of haying. Though Hank was a powerhouse, he hated women, farms and especially goats. He was the last and after that Thunder Hill operated entirely as a female enterprise until the welcome arrival of Jerry, young assistant to Dr. John, the vet. Jerry was more interested in Bobby than in the goats, and a touching and refreshing love story results.

The book is written with wit, candor, and affection for this unusual undertaking of running a goat farm. There are warm-hearted as well as rascally neighbors. We attend school meetings, state fairs and covered-dish suppers; births of kids, calves and other barnyard small fry. Through storm and sunshine, laughter and tears, Miss Nichold tells of five years that are a tribute to the indomitable courage of herself and sister goat-farmers. Her sense of humor stayed by her through some black moments and was certainly with her when she wrote this book. For some light-hearted down-to-earth enjoyment, read *Thunder Hill.*

* * *

Raymond F. Keller sent to the Study a book which he wrote early this year. Mr. Keller is branch merchandise manager in the footwear and general products division of United States Rubber Company, of Rockefeller Center, New York. Under date of January 26, he wrote me as follows:

"My dear Dr. Bradley:

"Occasionally my business keeps me in the Chicago area over weekends. At such times I look forward to a lift and inspiration from you through your radio broadcast sermons. On two occasions I have been in your congregation in the Peoples Church of Chicago.

"My last contact was by radio Sunday, January 18th. During your sermon (that was the sermon on 'Temper vs. Temperament') I decided I would send you a little book—'Cinderella With the Wooden Slippers.' It is going forward under separate cover today, autographed to you. I hope you enjoy the 'Cinderella' experience and that you may feel it worthy to put in your Church library.

"Perhaps the attached current news release by my Company will tell you better than I can about the book. Certainly the dedication and foreword will tell you why it was written.

"Sincerely,
"Raymond F. Keller."

The book is dedicated to America and all Americans. In the foreword the author tells us that he is a sixty-year-old grandfather whose entire career has been devoted to the rubber industry, that he is not a professional writer, but that the reader will find in the book an unusual story, though it is quite plainly told. The story is about Maria de Vos, whose nickname came to be Rie. Until two years ago she lived on the picturesque little island of Goeree-en-Overflakkee, a Dutch island off the coast of Holland in the North Sea, where life is very different indeed. This book came about because Maria wrote a letter which was published in an American magazine. A friend of the author's wrote a letter in answer, the author heard about Rie from Mrs. Leeder, who had answered the letter and the United States Rubber Com-

pany got involved because one of its officers had to come to the rescue when certain events happened. Because Maria is a most delightful and unusual person, everyone wanted to get involved—and eventually she came to America.

The story contains excerpts from Maria's diary and letters which she kindly made available and letters loaned by Mrs. Leeder.

The reader sees America through the eyes of this little Holland girl and thus gets an entirely new and different impression of his own country. In a letter to her father Rie says: "The house is like from a fairy tale—all is so much luxury and yet practical. A beautiful bathroom—big white kitchen, with a real refrigerator! Big living room. In the bathroom are real scales. They have real cream with their meals and ice cream in winter. Dad—this country is very beautiful. They find out more ways and gadgets—things I thought that maybe would be in Holland in a hundred years from now are old here. I never know how old the women are—they put a lot of stuff on their faces . . . I saw girls on television in a roller skating match—not children but grownups and they were very mean to each other. They took my picture and in two minutes it was a photograph."

Rie went through a super-market and wrote home: "I was sorry we had to leave so soon. I could have spent a day there looking at all of it. At home we all had a terrible fear, we were scared that we did not have enough to eat, and even five years after the war I still tried to buy little things, a tin of meat, a box of oatmeal, and hid it for later. One never knew. Here in this store, some of this fear disappeared. If there was so much food, maybe we would never have to be hungry again. But then my family is over there with almost no tins, none of the strange foods I saw here—in a continent filled with angry Germans and Russians."

It will be good for every American to see himself and his country through the eyes of Rie, this dear girl from overseas.

The book is published by Exposition Press of New York.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WHEN I was four years old my father died! My mother died when I was 10. Then I stayed with a succession of Aunts and Uncles: Aunt Myra and Uncle Arthur; Uncle Ray and Aunt Mamie; Aunt Margie and Uncle Andy; Aunt Harriette and Uncle Art. They all felt a sense of duty toward their sister's child. But a sense of duty doesn't include demonstrative affection.

I still remember how my father used to hunt for honey at the back of my neck and bestow his kisses there. I received no demonstrative affection after my father died when I was four.

I went to work when I was sixteen. I was told I must learn to take care

of myself and be very responsible, because there was no one to look after me. I was very immature when I was sixteen, but I had one big desire. I wanted a home of my own. My own home!

When I went on a two weeks' vacation in the Rockies, I had the privilege of naming the little one-room cabin in which I slept. I named it "My House!" It was the only house I have ever owned. But I owned it for two weeks! That home was mine!

Yes, romance came into my life. But it was years of agony and tears. I wrapped all the love and affection that a woman can have for the man of her choice around Ed. And there was added to it all the love and affection I hadn't been able to give my father. When the final great disillusionment came, the whole world crashed into atoms at my feet. The foundation went out from under me. I became an empty shell. There didn't seem to be a body or soul in that shell. I was walking in the street like an automaton. Just a shell. Suddenly I realized that if a truck came along and ran over me and killed me it wouldn't matter. That was when I struck rock bottom.

It was a good thing I struck rock bottom, for the little spark of life left in me said: "Ethel, you've got to get a new interest in life, or you're sunk! You can't go on living!" And I knew it was true. Little by little my subconscious mind picked up an interest here—an interest there. I won a radio essay contest!

It took eight long years to get back on top of the world again, but I made it! Then I found that I had an ambition. I wanted to be of service. You see, I wanted to be needed.

I have been able to be of service. I held Aunt Myra in my arms when she was dying. No one else could do it. I sat on the foot of the bed when Uncle Andy died. No one else could. I held Aunt Margie's hand when she left us. No one else could do it.

For thirteen years I have made a home for Aunt Harriette and Uncle Art. I have been their protection against the world! Their little Rock of Gibraltar. Everyone else was gone, but I kept their little five-room apartment together and they knew they could always depend on me.

When Aunt Harriette left me—she was the last to go—a friend asked me to come and live with her. Then it was I realized that in making a home for Aunt Harriette and Uncle Art I had made a home for myself. I said "Oh, no. I couldn't leave my home. This is my home! I couldn't leave it." So I took two friends in to live with me. The horizon of home broadened. Home, I discovered, is as wide as the heart is wide.

Why, now I know the whole wide world is my home. I am always at home. Come on up and see me sometime!

* * *

The Mail Bag reached such large proportions this month, it was difficult to select just a few letters from the many.

If ever we ask ourselves just how much The Peoples Church and Dr. Bradley's influence means, we need turn no farther than the letters in the Mail Bag to receive our answer. Letters like the following have come in day after day through the years, all testifying to the inspiration of Dr. Bradley's sermons.

For these testimonials to help received, Dr. Bradley is very grateful, for they give him courage and inspiration to carry on the good work.

Every member and friend who supports the work of the church should be grateful, too, for this evidence of the

fruitfulness of his work. It is only through the help of its members and friends that a church can exist; and knowledge of the help received certainly makes one desire to help the church all the more.

"My dear Dr. Bradley:

It was with utmost pleasure that I heard your announcement of your talk to be given before Alcoholics Anonymous next Thursday evening. I am a member of A.A. and would love to hear and will always cherish your talking to us and giving us your blessing.

Dr. Bradley, my love for you and my dependence upon you for spiritual help began with our first contact—your delivering our graduating sermon at Proviso High School, Maywood, Illinois, in 1921.

Since then I have listened to you over the radio hundreds of times—many, many times under circumstances of mind and body that I will do very well to forget.

Your inspiration, your love and guidance, have done more than anything else in my life to finally allowing me to live a much more spiritual life—a more serene and happy life as a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

May I close with deepest appreciation. Your student."

* * *

On the stationery of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Washington, D. C., came the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley: I was so proud to introduce you to our Board members at our recent meeting in Washington. Thank you so much for taking the time from your busy life to speak to our group.

I wish you could have heard the many favorable comments about your message. So many of the women made the remark, "Dr. Bradley is the best speaker I have ever heard." Of course I agree, which accounted for my wanting you as our only outside speaker during the three day meeting.

Best wishes and again my deep appreciation for the wonderful message you gave us.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Oscar A. Ahlgren, President.

It so happened that two of the members of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church were in Washington D. C. at the time and were able to attend this State Officers' National Convention at the Statler Hotel, where forty-eight states were represented. As they were far from home, it interested them to hear the comments from the various women afterward. Some of these remarks were repeated to me and I give you a few of them:

"Wouldn't you rather hear one good talk a year like that, than dozens of lesser ones?"

"He had such a far-reaching outlook."

"Yes, he was like a seer, looking into the future and trying to steer us onto the right path."

"Now I can go home and digest what I have heard. It stirred me greatly."

"It was a profound and good talk, spiced here and there with a good sense of humor."

The two members of our Woman's Club left this convention in Washington with a feeling of pride and gratitude that Dr. Bradley was their Pastor and friend.

* * *

The following gentleman has been listening for a long time also:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

Some seven or eight years ago, Judge Holly and I came to hear you quite often and talked of affiliating with

your church. About that time I had to leave Evanston for several years and we both are too old now to go that far.

I was born into a Universalist family 82 years ago last September, graduated from Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois, in 1892. Afterwards I was President of the Alumni Association and Trustee for 20 years.

This letter is to tell you that I rejoice in your mental growth. Your sermons were good eight years ago, but better now. I want also to compliment you on your *bravery*. Many pastors would like to take the same stands you take if they only dared do it. Some spring morning Mrs. Blount and I will drive down to hear and see you.

I failed to get to talk to you at the Carl Sandburg 75th Birthday Celebration. Carl was the freckle-faced Bat Boy for the Lombard College Baseball Club when I was pitcher and manager.

I forgot to tell you that I was Trustee of Meadville (Theological School of the University of Chicago) until I moved away from Evanston in 1943.

Very truly yours,
Harry Wood Blount"

* * *

Mrs. Donna Barkley, of Chicago, sent in a poem she composed about the differences we see in people, instead of looking for the "sameness." She hoped the work wouldn't offend esthetic tastes. Her lines strike so many true notes, we think you will appreciate them.

THE SAMENESS IN US ALL

We quickly learn as little tots
That some are "haves" and some "have nots";
Some men are poor and some are rich;
Some teach the great, some dig a ditch;
Some folks come from yellow races
And others have the blackest faces.
There's catholic, protestant and Jew;
The ones who just don't care are few.

These differences we learn quite fast.
We learn it from our parents' past.
But this is not what worries me,
Not all the differences we see;
What really makes me think a lot
Is what we've all in common got.

We all have hearts; feel joy and pain.
We all see the sun and feel the rain.
We all have hearts that may know love.
We all look up to stars above.
We all are creatures alike inside,
So why do we let outward features hide
The sameness in us, one and all,
From the smallest to the big and tall.

Forget the difference, it doesn't count.
The sameness has the most amount.
And when we learn to see our home
In other places where we roam,
When common thoughts we understand
And rush to lend a helping hand,
That is when we will truly be
At peace with God, man, self . . . all three.

* * *

Many will remember the singing of the Lord's Prayer by Arthur Couture, on the Sunday morning when Dr. Bradley preached the sermon which is published in this issue. Many lovely letters came to the Mail Bag about the solo. Here are some quotes from those letters:

"We enjoy both the sermon and the music every Sunday morning. The tenor solo this morning was especially beautiful." Edith D. Massey

"Please tell the young man who sang the Lord's Prayer he sang beautifully." Mrs. Claud Willey

"The service was very inspiring yesterday and I did enjoy The World's Greatest Prayer in song so very much. The voice was equal to the prayer in beauty." Mrs. Wilma W. Taylor

"We listen to your beautiful sermons each Sunday when we are home, and they have been very inspiring. We wish to comment on the singing of the Lord's Prayer last Sunday. The gentleman who sang it has one of the most beauti-

ful voices I have ever heard. Enclosed find our donation." Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stolzenberg

* * *

Mrs. Frances Digby West, of Wilmette, writes that she will be 82 years young on the 21st of March (the first day of Spring), and was born at 319 Michigan Avenue, which is now 1008 Michigan. "I was six months old at the time of the great Chicago Fire of 1871," says Mrs. West, "and am enjoying pretty good health, although curtailing some of my former many activities and am thankful for my many blessings.

"This little rhyme has been helpful:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there's none.
If there's one, try and find it.
If there's none, never mind it.

My daughter and I have enjoyed listening to your Sunday morning broadcasts for some time. I guessed that "the 21st of next month" meant Spring, because it means more to me as I celebrate that day annually."

* * *

Now we hear from a 32° Mason who has listened for a long time:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

I always attend the evening services and always sit in the front row, not because I'm your worst sinner, but because I want to hear you first-hand, sans P.A. systems. I heard you even back in the Pantheon era. You are good and getting better all the time.

Incidentally I worked on your Temple under Mr. Byran when it was going up.

The enclosed is for the light fund. We don't want them to go out.

Sincerely,

Philip J. Line."

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. He refuses to believe that any religious system is right or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth-seeker if it denies the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers wrest from nature. He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive; it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

What he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing. Man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him must always be the chief concern of religion. Any light which science can shed cannot help being relevant to religion.

—Julian Huxley

ESSENTIAL VALUES

As I grow older, I simplify both my science and my religion. Books mean less to me; prayers mean less; potions, pills and drugs mean less; but peace, friendship, love and a life of usefulness mean more, infinitely more.

Silas Hubbard, M.D.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

JANUARY

1—Wedding.
4—Two Services. Peoples Church.
5—Funeral.
Annual Address. Advertising Men's Post, American Legion, Elk's Club.
6—Attendance at 75th Birthday Dinner for Carl Sandburg, Crystal Room, Blackstone Hotel.
7—Address. 30th Birthday Dinner, Friends of Drama, LaSalle Hotel.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
8—Book Lecture, Chicago Public Library. Opening January series.
9—Funeral.
Address. Temple Bethel, South Bend, Ind.
11—Two Services, Peoples Church.
12—Funeral.
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
13—Two funerals.
Address, Lakeview Woman's Club.
14—Two funerals.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
15—Book Lecture, Chicago Public Library.
Meeting for Constitutional Revision, Chicago Club.
16—Wedding.
Address. Annual Dinner of Original 54, I.W.L.A.
17—Address. National Rug Cleaners Institute, Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel.
18—Two Services, Peoples Church.
19—Two funerals.
21—Funeral.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
Address, 40th Anniversary, Dr. Morriston J. Thomas, Ravenswood Congregational Church.
22—Book Lecture, Chicago Public Library, Memorial Hall.
Funeral.
25—Two Services, Peoples Church.
Address, Swedish Club.
26—Address, American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, Grand Ballroom, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
Funeral.
27—Address, Sinai Temple Forum.
28—Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
29—Address, Chicago Public Library.
29—Address, Alcoholics Anonymous, Hazelin Hall.
Funeral.
30—Funeral.
31—Wedding.

FUNERALS

5—Dr. Edward W. Dahlberg.
9—Mrs. Margaret Rogers.
12—Edward Pratt.
13—Della Steindl.
Dolores Okin (commitment).
14—Mrs. Hugo F. Arnold.
Edward Holz.
19—Herman Seeger.
Albert Landgraf.
21—Mrs. S. Marylin Lakeberg.
22—Mrs. Anna Campbell.
26—Mrs. Norma Sandell.
29—Geo. K. Gammon, Jr.
30—Andrew W. Johnston.

WEDDINGS

1—Ann Gulyban and
Thomas Kenneth Keegan.
16—Mary Sharpe and
Edward Hildebrand.
31—Marjorie D. Skelton and
Orland Bauer.

CHRISTENINGS

25—Gregory Beierwaltes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Beierwaltes.
Ralph Markwood Knott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Knott.

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Monday, March 16—Conservation of Natural Resources Dept. Edwin P. Rinehart, Natl. Membership Director, I.W.L.A. ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—March 23 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, March 10 ..... 8:00 p.m.

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Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

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